IF WE COULD KNOW.

if we could know how to assume
A cheerful face through days of woe,
To look beyond the deepest gloom,
And a submissive spirit show.

If we could know when fortune flies And takes life's pleasures all away. Although the darkest storms may rise That there would be a brighter day.

If we could know that we are blest.
Though life is never free from care.
That there are some far more distressed.
Whose burdens are much worse to bear.

If we could know the grief which lies Beneath some natures proud and cold, What pity for them would arise, If all their troubles could be told:

If we could know that all is right,
The good or bad which may befall.'
Through sun and storm, by day or night,
A guiding hand is over all.
Addition D. Abell, in Good Housekeeping.



CHAPTER XVI.-CONTINUE

mind was calm and collected when I awoke and I reasoned easily. My position was a good one, I thought, inasmuch as it enabled me to live by my own exertions, and if I gave it up I realized how difficult I should find it to secure another through my own efforts. Then, I remembered, Mr. Bernard was a connection, and I ought not to have any fear of him. It was true he had done and said things that I considered improper, and even shocking, but I was inclined to excuse him now, believing that he had lost control of himself for the instant, and that in his calmer moments he would regret his conduct most sincerely. I reasoned, too, that I had but to maintain my own proper conduct, deporting myself toward him as prudence demanded, to be safe from any designs he might have. My reasoning may not have been very philosophical, but it must be remembered that I was ignorant and unschooled in the ways of the world and the arts of man.

When I came down to breakfast my altered, haggard looks attracted the attention of my landlady, and all during the meal she kept her eyes on me with a curious, inquiring gaze. Her action embarrassed me, sending a crimson glow to my cheeks and causing me to east my eyes down. When I was about to leave the table she detnined me, saying:

"You are not looking well this morn-

ing, Miss Owens. Are you sick?"
"No, ma'ain," I replied, a little shortly, wishing above all things to be spared any questioning just then. "You are looking real peaked, I'm

sure," she continued, "and one would think you spent a bad night. I think you must either be sick or troubled. I hope you have had no bad news?"

"No, I have not," I answered.
"I'm very glad," she said. "I saw

you had a letter last night, and I didn't know but you might have had unpleas ant news.

I assured Mrs. Bond, my landlady, that she was wrong in her surmises, and, wishing to escape any further conversation on the subject of my appearance, made another effort to leave the reom. Mrs. Bond, however, was one of those curious, prying old women who are not satisfied until they get to the bottom of everybody's secrets and who have no respect for anyone's rights and feelings, but who continue to probe and delve into people's actions until they unearth their motives and the causes that influence them to the very

she observed with a smile I did not like, "the gentleman who came to visit you last night had something to do with your appearance this morning?"

I offered noreply, but I was consciou that the increasing color in my face betrayed the fact that she had guessed aright, and that added still more to my confusion, thus the more plainly confirming her supposition.

"I thought when I saw him go out last night," she went on, "that something of an unpleasant nature must have transpired between you. He so excited that he hardly seemed to know what he was doing or where he



was going. I couldn't imagine, though whatever could have taken place between you."

I understood perfectly that she had offered that observation as a bid for an explanation on my part, but I did not choose to accept it as such, so I kept si-She continued, apparently a little disappointed that I did not proceed to gratify her curiosity and enlighten her as to what had taken place in my

"He had the appearance of one of the finest of gentlemen," she remarked, "and I suppose he is, though I know very little about him. I never saw Mr. Bernard but two or three times before that day he came here with you, but I've always heard him spoken of very 'highly. Still, he's rich, and rich men can do pretty much as they please, and not be faulted either. I don't doubt but what if Mr. Bernard was poor, people would find plenty to say against But, law! I don't suppose you

much concern for your welfare. course, in a way, there's a sort of connection between you, but land sakes. men like him are not apt to care anything about their wife's poor kinfolks, and especially when it comes to second

She paused and looked at me as if inviting a reply, but I offered none, and after the lapse of a moment she pro-

"Mind now," she said. "I don't say there is anything improper in Mr. Bernard's attentions to you, and I don't mean to hint that he has any improper motives, but at the same time I must say that people have room to form suspicions. I don't say that I have them. but I know other people will, because they can't see what good motive would prompt a man like Bernard to interest himself so much in behalf of a poor girl like you. These words brought all the deluge

of grief and fear back to my heart again, agitating me beyond description. Could it be possible, I wondered, that Mr. Bernard entertained wicked designs on me? Was it true that because of his attentions I should be made a target for scandal, and be pointed at and remarked about as a characteriess woman? Ah! how I longed then for some one to advise with me and instruct me. How keenly I felt the need of a mother's counsel or a father's protection.

I could not advise with Mrs. Bond, for I felt that she was cold and unsympathetic, having far more interest in gossip and scandal than in the poor creature who might be maligned. make any revelations to her would be like scattering them to the four winds. and I knew enough of the world to understand how things were magnified and distorted by gossips until a very little was made to mean a great deal. I could not advise with Mrs. Bond with out making my situation werse, and there was no one else in the town to whom I could go, because there was no one else with whom I was sufficiently intimate to warrant my making a con fidante of her.

I would have given the world could I have only had the privilege of seeing and talking with Mrs. Cornell. My heart turned to her as to a mother, and to her I should not have hesitated an instant in pouring out all the circumstances of my situation, knowing that she would have advised me well, keeping all my secrets safely locked in her own bosom. But Mrs. Cornell was far away, and I could not go to her with all my troubles and griefs.
"Mrs. Bond," I said, breaking the

long silence, "you don't believe Mr. Bernard has any improper thoughts toward me, do you?"

"Law, Miss Owens," she exclaimed, "how do I know what to believe? I can't tell what he has in his heart. You ought to know better than I what he thinks, because you know what he says and does, and I don't. If I knew what he says and does I could teil you what he means."

This was another bid for my confidence, but I affected not to understand. She continued, considerably exasper-ated, I think, and showing some displeasure in her tones:

"There's one thing about it, though, and that is this: It dou't look well for a married man, who is no nearer related to you than he is, to be coming here of nights, and for hours being closeted with you in your room. Any body seeing him when he went out, and seeing you now, would know well enough that something took place between you very much out of common, ou won't tell what it was pe ple will form their own opinions about it; and perhaps you couldn't wonder much if those ideas were not very complimentary to you."

I saw that Mrs. Bond was disposed to put an unfavorable construction on the affair if left to draw her own inferences, but I did not see wherein I would be benefited by giving her my confi-dences, since she would augment every possibility into an assumed fact. pondered the matter long, and arrived at the conclusion that I had better keep my own counsel and go on about my duties just as though nothing had hap pened, relying on my own strength of character, love of right and consciousness of innocence to bear me safely through

I left Mrs. Bond to form whatever conclusion she chose, and making what preparations were necessary, went direct to the store. Mr. Bernard was sitting at his deak when I entered the office, and he looked up and spoke, simply passing the compliments of the morning. He was quiet, calm and collected, appparently having forgotten our meeting of the night before. He made no reference to the fact that I was later than usual—made no remarks to me at all except to give me a few brief instructions regarding my work. He was courteous, but nothing more, and within an hour the embarrassment I first felt wore away, leaving our relations undisturbed and easy, just as they had always been.

CHAPTER XVII BERNARD AND CHARLES CORNELS Wull, Charleth, it ith a wonderful thstore, you know; the whath the harm in thaying tho. Juth becauthe we never thee thstoreth like thith, muth we let on like it'th common with uth? If a feller don't know anything and never thaw much whath the uthe for him to pretend like he knowth a heap and hath theen wonderth? If a feller ith a ignoramuth he'd juth ath well let folkth know it, cauthe they'll find it out pretty thoon anyhow.

It was one morning about a week after the occurrence of the events described in the last chapter when I was | was aroused from a fit of abstraction by bearing the above words spoken in Mr. Cornell's well remembered voice. was in Mr. Bernard's office alone, h having stepped out but a few minutes before, and I was thinking of the Cornells and their home when I was dis turbed by Mr. Cornell.

The well-known , kindly tones, heard

will believe that, for he appears to take so unexpectedly, caused my heart to be a very friendly old fellow," he ob-a great interest in you, and I reckon flutter and my limbs to tremble at such served, with a sarcastic smile. he's doing a great deal for you. I've a rate that for a moment I was quite often wondered why it is he shows so incapable of moving from my chair. It incapable of moving from my chair was as if a long absent father had returned; and it would be impossible to depict the joy I felt. Before I could calm my agitation in the least Mr. Cornell entered the office with his son just behind him.

"Wull," exclaimed the old gentleman, coming forward with outstretched hand. "I'm more than glad to thee thure! Are you well, Mith Owenth?" "Yes, quite well," I replied, hardly

able to restrain my tears in the pres-

ence of his generous solicitude. "Thath good. We've been very much contherned for you, thince you left uth, and Thuthan thece wouldn't reth after your letter came till theee got me thstarted off to thee how you wath coming on. You know what a queer woman Thuthan ith, Mith Owenth. Thshe'th alwayth a worry-

ing and a fretting for fear thomething might happen to thomebody tshe knowth, tho they wouldn't be happy. Thuthan hath a mighty queer heart, "And one of the best hearts in the

world, too," I said, earnestly.
"Thath a fact, Mith Owenth," the old gentleman agreed enthusiastically, a pleased smile illumining his whole features. "Thath the truth, thure. Thihee hath got the beth heart I ever knew, and the beth heart, I believe, that ever wath."

I had just time to shake hands with my visitors and ask after the health of Mrs. Cornell before Mr. Bernard entered. I was at a loss what to ac, not knowing whether my employer would



like an introduction to my country friends, and really anxious lest he consider their presence in his office an in-trusion. He stood a little while in the door, looking upon the strangers in surprise, then, casting an inquiring glance at me, walked forward to his desk. I puzzled and embarrassed, not knowing what to do under the circumstances. But, fortunately for me, Mr. Cornell solved the difficulty. Walking up to Mr. Bernard, he said:

"You ith the gentleman that ownth thith thatore, I reckon?

"Yes, sir, I am," Mr. Bernard replied, a little stiffly.

"Wull, I'm glad to meet you, thure. My name ith Cornell, Aaron Cornell, and thith ith my thon Charleth. You don't know nothing about uth, of courthe, but Mith Owenth doth. Thehee ith a friend of ourth, and, being in town, we thought it wathn't no more than neighborly to call and thee how thshee wath."

I noticed that Mr. Bernard fixed a searching gaze on Charles Cornell the moment his name was mentioned, and I saw, too, that a look of displeasure, amounting to almost a frown, swept men rather coldly, I thought, making them a scarcely perceptible bow, but deigning no word of welcome. Mr. Cornell apparently took no notice of this, but Charles Cornell did, I knew,

for he flushed up instantly. "Charleth ith going to remain in town a day or two," Mr. Cornell remarked to me, "and he will thee you again; but I'm going back this after noon, tho when I go out I muth thay good-by. I'm very glad you're well and happy; and Thuthan will be glad to hear it, too, though thee would be much better pleathed if you would come out and thspend a few dayth with her."

She would not be better pleased than I would," I returned. "I know of no place I'd rather go, and no one I'd rather visit."

"Then juth thay the word and we'll thend down for you," he cried, eagerly.
"I cannot now," I replied.

"Why can'th you?" he questioned.
"I'm thure Misther Bernard would thapare you a little while."

Mr. Bernard heard this remark, which was addressed to him rather than to me, but he took no notice of it, continuing to ignore the visitors entirely.

After a little more conversation the Cornells withdrew from the office, Charles arranging, however, to com for me in the evening and see me home. I resumed my place at the desk imme diately, and took up my work where I had left off at their entrance. An hour or so passed in perfect silence, save for the scratching of Mr. Bernard's pen, he never once looking up from the page on which he seemed uncommonly intent. At last he threw his pen down, closed his ledger, and turning his chair about sat facing me. I glanced up for an instant, then went on with my writing "Are you done with those letters?" he

sked, directly. "Very nearly," I answered. "Well, rest awhile, and finish them

I should have preferred finishing them then, but I was in the habit of obeying my employer's commands explicitly in all matters of business, so I laid down my pen and pushed the letters back. I they turn the eggs over. was sure he had a purpose in his action, and I believed that purpose had to do with the Cornells; and I was not mis-

"So those are your friends from whom you had the letter, eh?" he remarked, rather abruptly.

"Yes, sir," I replied, "that was Mr. Cornell and his son."

"Well, the old gentleman appears to

served, with a sarcastic smile.

"I'm sure," I replied with a tinge of warmth, "that he's a most excellent man, and as generous and kind-hearted as he can be." as he can be.

"Oh, yes, I suppose he's very well in that respect. Now, how about the son? He's generons and kind-hearted, too, I think you said?" "He is," I answered.

"And a most excellent man, I be-"He certainly is."

"Well, sometimes people deceive their appearances." "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, simply that I didn't see anything remarkable in the young man. But then, perhaps, I am not good at reading character from outward appearances, and especially where these country bumpkins are in it."

I bit my lip in very vexation. Why would Mr. Bernard persist in speaking slightingly of Charles Cornell? Why should he show a dislike of him when he certainly had no cause to feel it? Why need he refer to him in terms so uncomplimentary and so entirely inap-propriate to his looks and character? It seemed to me unwarranted and rude, to say the least, because Charles Cornell was not an enemy to Mr. Bernard, and he was a friend to me.

"I'm sure," I said, with an unusual show of spirit for me, "if you see anything in Charles Cornell's outward appearance that contradicts what I have said of him, you are not capable of reading his character from them. I speak the truth of him, and I speak from actual knowledge."

"Why, dear me," he exclaimed, sour ly. "one would think you a warm champion of the young farmer to hear you so readily defend him. A woman must feel a very deep interest in a man when she shows such spirit in his defense. Now, without any intention of boasting, and not wishing to remind you of what I have done, I venture to say that I have been as mindful of you and as generous in my conduct toward you as this Cornell has. Do you deny that?

"No, sir; 1 do not deny that you have been very good to me, and that you have favored me far beyond my deserts. I do not want you to think me ungrateful enough to ever be unmindful of the debt of gratitude I owe you. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

BIG GAME.

A Sportsman's Veracious Account of His Great Luck.

A newspaper published at Apt, in outhern France, La Presse, publishes an account of an extraordinary hunting adventure which lately befell a citizen of that town. A Paris journal, in copy ing the story, explains that occurrences of the kind never take place except in nuts? southern France. But that is not true. Go into any hunter's camp in the wild and woolly west and you may hear yarns just as ingenious and not a bit more truthful than this.

A hunter who had spent a considerable part of the day in an unsuccessful quest for game and had discharged his shotgun many times without caught sight on his way home of a su-perb pigeon well up in an oak tree which grew on a very steep hillside.

The hunter's gun was charged with powder but he was entirely out of shot. In this emergency and resolving firmly that he would have the pigeon he sat down on the ground, took out his pocketknife and with it pulled several nails out of the sole of his shoe. With these he loaded his gun.

The pigeon still sat in his place. The hunter aimed, fired and the pigeon was nailed to a branch of the oak tree with the shoe nails.

The hunter was almost in despair, seeing the game apparently fastened beyond his reach. But he climbed the tree, ascended with difficulty to the place where the pigeon hung and had just taken the pigeon off, when he lost his footing and fell through the air.

As chance would have it the hunter landed in the midst of a hare's nest. He began to roll rapidly down the steep and slippery hillside, but before he did so he seized a large hare firmly by the

Rolling downward, the hunter slid plump into the midst of a covey of part-ridges and striking about him with the hare he succeeded in killing nine of these admirable birds.

He then picked himself up and took

himself homeward with his pigeon, his hare and his partridges, well satisfied with the results of his shot.

The Little One's Version

A party of young people stopped playing whist long enough the other evening to hear a good story. "In my Sunday-school class," said a bright young woman, "is the sweetest little cherub you ever saw. She is much younger than the other members, but she insists upon remaining in my me days ago I instructed each of the little ones to memorize a verse or sentence from the Bible. Knowing the infant brain could not retain a long sentence, the mother of my youngest pupil gave the child the shortest in the good book: 'Jesus wept.' The following Sunday I called upon the class to fulfill my instructions. Finally I came to Margaret. "What is yours, my dear?" I asked. 'Jesus k'ied,' she lisped."-Kansas City Times.

The Hatching Her

instinct teaches the lien that it would be no good to warm only one side of her eggs, and so when she feels that they are "done" on one side she turns them gen-tly round. Anyone who has watched setting hens has seen them rise every now and then and shuffle about for a few moments on the nest. That is when

cleanses, repairs, and invig-corntes the entire system.

For the most stubborn revolutions, Skin or Scalp Diseases, Dypep-s, Biliousness, and kindred aliments, the Discovery" is the only reseasy that's caracted. If it doesn't benefit or cure, u have your money back. THE cloak worn by Lady Alington when starting on her wedding tour was one to which interest attaches in con-sequence of its almost unique value. It was one of Lord Alington's presents to his bride and is worth over \$5.0

requiring thirty gallons of ink.

CANINE EXPOSTULATION.

Few Observations on the Human Race by a Dog. He was a veritable "dog-about-town," a "club-dog;" a medium- sized blase dog, with a shaggy, yellow coat. I met hi m one morning at breakfast in the T en-derlo in restaurant, where he sat beside my chair and polit ely requested a chop. At all attempts on the part of hum an beings to rub his head and call him "old fellow," he betrayed well-bred surprise; and, by his gentle, reserved dignity, evinced his polite aversion to

such trivialities. He would leave cold roast-beef any time, to run with a fire-engine. He was an ardent patron of all out-door ports, and witnessed all notable contests. Especially did he like baseball, and his hourse voice always went apartits the about a of the multitude after. with the shouts of the multitude after a fine play.

The second time I met him was at the stage-door of a theater, where "Prof. Dalmatian's Troupe of Canine Comefians" was performing. He confessed to me that he was interested in the star, a trim, little fox-terrier, seared over chairs, and whom he nightly secor ted to her hotel. He said he had an invitation from several members of the troupe to pass next dog-days with them down at the seashore.

I accompanied him to a football game one day. He knew the game thoroughly, and explained many of its intricacies As we left the grounds, I suggested that we walk awhile, as the cars were crowded. As we walked we disrussed the game.
"I don't like footbal l," I said. "After

all is said about the science there is in it, it is sport bes ide which pugilism is a gentle and re fined art. It is brutal." He paused short in his walk, and shot ap at me the most perfect expression of indignant, wit hering contempt I have

"Brutat" he spluttered; "BRUTAL!
What set of brutes in your whole derned natural history would act as those maniacs did to-day?

"I thought gow had better sense than that. So you slander us as all the rest of humanity does, do you?"
I tried to appease him. "I said it with-

out thinking, old boy. You see it is customary with us to call everything brutal that is savage, intemperate or cruel."

"Yes; I know it is," he interrupted but think what an injustice you do us. Did you ever know of a brute that was a drunkard or a glutton or a willful murderer, or one that was wantonly cruel, unless he had been trained to it by a human being. When a human gets t he stomach-ache or cramp colle, does a dog run up and call it "mad" and shoot it? "You don't find any institutions for

curing brutes of the liquor and morphine habits, do you? And yet you talk about 'leading a dog's life. "Who keeps brutes pulling heavy stages, long af ter they are horse-chest-

"When a mangets drunk, cripples his children for life and murders his wife with an ax—or does other things atro-ciously hu nan, you call him brutal. Really, your Mr. Webster ought to revise his dictionary. Did you ever know of a brute doing any of the things you call brutal? Did you ever -

Here a greyhound appeared just across the street; and, almost before I knew it, my friend was upon its neck, clawing and chewing it in various places, and filling the air with growls of rage that almost drowned the hound's shricks of terror. Finally the victim broke away, leaving a vanishing grey streak up the street. The aggrepursued it a few blocks, until the futility of pursuit became evident; then he turned around and trotted back to

my side. Well! I thank my lucky dog-star wasn't born a derned grey-hound," he panted.

"You seem to have a gradge against that one," I said.

"Grudge! I should think I had! We had a little difficulty the other day, and he gave me the only deadly insult one dog can give another—he call human!"—H. L. Wilson, in Pack.

Needs assistance it may be best to render it vromptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gen-tle remedy is the Syrup of First, manufac-tured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Money which is "coming to you" does not always arrive.-Pittsburgh Chronicla.

Duorst is a dread disease, but it has loat its terrors to those who know that H. H. Green & Sons, the Dropsy Specialists of Atlanta, Georgia, treat it with such great success. Write them for pumphlet giving full information.

Mas. Gunsaux calls her children "stars" because they don't know how to act. ton Transcript.

"Tris," said the red-eyed cook, who was peeling an onion, "is one o' thim concealed weepins."—Washington Star. THE Public Awards the Paim to Hale's

Honey of Herehound and Tar for coughs Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute

Proper who cling to the anchor of he often have to go down into the mud with —Puck. BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nerv-cus filmess. Beecham's Pills sell well be-cause they cure. 25 cents a box.

Ir isn't the man who blows most who finds it the easiest to raise the wind.—Cape Cod Item.

TO ERACE UP the
system after "La Grippe,"
pneumonia, fevers, and
other prostrating acute diseases; to build up needed
flesh and strength, and to
restore health and vigor
when you feel "run-down"
and used-up, the best thing
in tho wurld is Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery.
It promotes all the bodily
functions, rouses every organ into healthful action,
purifies and enriches the purifies and enriches the blood, and through it

Can you think of anything more convinc-g than the promise that is made by the repristors of Dr. Bage's Catarrh Remedy is in this: "If we can't cure your Catarrh, MO in cash," cure your Catarrh,

FARMERS

You should go to the

## Marble Block Drug Store

For Drugs, Paints, Oils Glass, Etc., Etc. LYNCH & SCHWINN.

A Tremendous Cut

BOOTS AND SHOES

T. BUTTREY& SON'S

Still the Lowest.

The Celebrated French Cure. Warranted "APHRODITINE" or mone



A WRITTEN GUARANTEE is given for A WRITTEN GUARANTER IS given for every \$5.00 order received, to refund the money if a Permanent cure is not effected. We have thousands of testimonials from old and young of both seres, who have been permanently cured by the use of Aphroditine. Circulars free. Mention paper. Address
THE APHRO MEDICINE CO.
Western Branch.

PORTLAND, OREGON. FOR SALE BY

A. G. HALTIWANGER, Druggist. ia man

MECH SELVANTE MITH THE GOVERNMENT OF THE COUNTRY WITH CHANGE

## THE MAN AND THE Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry.

The Direct Route in and from Chicage, Joliet, Ottaws Peoris, La Sulle, Moline, Sock Island, in ILLINOIS Peeris, La Sulle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIR; Daymport, Muscatiles, Ottunen, Osinidoses, Des Medines, Musteret, Audulon, Harias and Coupell Rieffs, in IOWA; Misuseapells and St. Paul in MIN-FEROTA; Wateriners and Houx Falls in Dakot'A; Camseun, R. Juseph and Kannas City, in MINSOURI; Omaha, Lincola, Partbury and Nelson, in NEBRASKA; Atchinon, Leavenworth, Horton, Topska, Hutchinson, Wichitz, Belleville, Ablhens, Dodge City, Caldwell, in KANSAS; Kingsther, El Reso and Minco, in INDIAM TERRITORY, Denver, Colombia Springs and Pueble, in COLORADO. Traverses new awas of rich farming and grating lands, affecting the best facilities of interestmentation to sell towas and cities again and suchwest of Chirago, and to Pacific and Wann-revenue sesports.

MAGNIFICENT

VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS Leading all competitors in spiender of equipment, between CRICAGO and DES MOINES, COUNCIL DILUFFS and ONAHA, and between CHICAGO and DESVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and FUERIO, via KANAS CITY and TOPEKA and via ST. JOSEPH, and over the new line via LiBOOLIN, New, Pape-dise, and over the new line via LiBOOLIN, New, Pape-dise, Day Conches, FREE RECLINING CHAIR JAES, and Pales Singers, with Direct for the control of t Palace fleepers, with Dining Car Service. Close on nections at Deaver and Colorado Springs with divergio railway lines, now forming the new and pictures on

STANDARD GAUGE

TRANS-ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROUTE Over which superbly-equipped testes run daily THROUGH WIZHOUT CHANGE to and from Sali Lake City, Opten and San Francisco. THE ROCK ELANO is also the Direct and Favorite Line to and from Manthon, Pike's Peak and all other sanitary and

DAILY FAST EXPRESS TRAINS

From St. Joseph and Kames City to and from all important towns, ettler and sections in Southern Kebrusta, Kames and the Indian Territory. Also via ALBERT LEAR HOUTE from Kames City and Chenge to Weinstein, Story Palls, HINNER FOLIS and FT. PAUL, consecting for all points north and nearthwest between the lakes and the Pacific Cone.

For Totava, Maps, Folders, or desired information apply to say Coupen Takes Office in the United States or Cameda, or address

E. ST. JOHN, JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Thi. & Pass. Agl. Gen'l Manager,

J. C. SHOFMER. BOOT AND SHOEMAKED

REPAIRING Nostly and Promptly De De l'Irst dote south at Remembers old sit